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THE
LOSS
OF
LIBERTY.
A
POEM.



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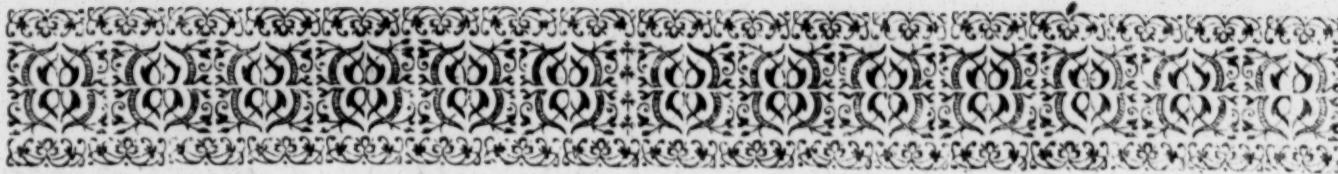
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Т О

Д И Е В И Л



А О С В О Д



To His G R A C E

The Duke of ARGYLE and GREENWICH,

Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My L O R D,

 *HO' my ambitious Inclinations have led me to address this Poem to your Grace, I have not the Vanity to believe 'tis equal to so noble a Patronage ; I plead only the Sublimity of the Subject in Excuse for my Presumption, and the Propriety of Dedicating the Loss of Liberty to a Hero, who would have been able to defend it, and whose Merits entitle Him to be mention'd with as much Honour, as the most celebrated Names of Antiquity.*

If Dedications, my L O R D, are design'd to do Justice to the Patron's Character, as well as protect the Poet, this must necessarily want one Half of its Recommendation ; I own my self unequal to so great a Task, and choose to decline it on that Account : Your G R A C E's Virtues have been so frequently the Subject of the noblest Pens, and are still so much the Admiration of every polite Reader, that they need no additional Memorial.

Should

DEDICATION.

*Should it be ever ask'd, my L O R D, Why a minor Poet
aspired to a Protection he had not Merit to deserve? I must
ingenuously confess, 'tis in Hope to distinguish my self by the
Eminence of your Name, and, fir'd by your Excellencies, ac-
quire what ever may be now wanting to recommend me to
your Favour.*

I am, with the highest Respect,

My L O R D,

Your G R A C E's

Most Obediently Devoted

Humble Servant.



T H E
LOSS of LIBERTY:
O R
F A L L of R O M E.

WHEN dread TIBERIUS sway'd the *Roman* World,
When Valour languish'd, and when Virtue dy'd ;
Tir'd with the vain, fantastick Pomp of Courts,
The Din of Folly, and the Lure of Vice,
The Smile of secret Ruin, and the Hope
Of distant Glory, a dejected Bard,
From all their Snares retir'd ; retir'd to search
For Liberty, for Happiness, and Peace,
In humbler Life, and learn Content amid
The lowly Haunts of Industry and Toil.
In vain ; Oppression, Poverty, and Woe,
In ev'ry dreadful Form, there made Abode,
And tortur'd with Variety of Pain,
The mourning Tribes : Griev'd at their luckless Fate,
Inrag'd to view the Insolence of Power,
He bravely strove to rouze their ancient Zeal

B

In

In Virtue's Cause, and point the surest Road
 To Freedom, and to Fame: With vain Attempt,
 Servility had sunk their coward Souls,
 And grav'd Distrust and Fear upon their Hearts :
 They felt the Sting of Sorrow, felt the Pangs
 Of keenest Suff'ring, saw the coming Years
 Approach, full freighted with impending Ills ;
 Saw their Woes double, and their Joys decrease,
 Yet bore with Tameness the insulting Load ;
 Trembled beneath th' Oppressor's iron Rod,
 Nor dar'd to murmur out a Groan. - - - This seen,
 Despairing to awake the noble Warmth,
 That ever animates the Patriot's Soul,
 The Source, the Parent of Heroick Deeds ;
 Penfive he left the grov'ling Herd to mourn
 Their Weight of Evils, and to mourn in vain.

- - - Yet, as on Foot, like a tir'd Pilgrim sad,
 And comfortless, he labour'd up th' Ascent,
 Which form'd his cheerless Road, and from whose Brow
 The Mistres of the World, imperial *Rome*,
 Outstretch'd in Length, a glorious Prospect lay.
 As thus he journey'd, all in Tears, he turn'd
 To gaze upon her vast Extent ; to wail

Her

Her Ruin near, and take his last Farewel.

--- Farewel, he cries, thou mercenary Pile
Of pompous Sorrow ; mercenary Pile,
Farewel : Destruction, like a threat'ning Cloud,
Frowns o'er thy proudest Tow'rs ; and yet supine
Thou dally'st with thy Fate ; like Merchants, see
Thy Nobles barter Liberty for Gold.

Gold is thy Ruin, Queen of Cities ; Gold
Can purchase Thee, thy Empire, and thy Gods.

Come all ye Monarchs, all ye scepter'd Pow'rs,
Whose Heads have bow'd beneath her potent Spear,
When Valour, and when Virtue fought her Cause ;
Come all, full fraught with endless Riches, come,
Advance the Scales of Pow'r, let Interest hold
The Beam ; let Treasures be oppos'd to Truth,
To Liberty, and Fame, and see the Gain-

Is yours - - - Oh *Rome* ! there was a Time, when Fame
And Liberty were dearer far than Gold - - -

But that blest Period now is roll'd away,
And thy black Annals ne'er will be adorn'd,
With such a shining Trace of Glory more.

--- How oft, ye flumb'ring Tribes, with weeping Eye,
With bleeding Heart, have I bewail'd your Woes,
Ev'n with a Father's Sorrow brooded o'er

Your

Your Wrongs, as fondly pity'd your Distress,
And with like Anguish study'd your Relief.

--- Yet what was my Return? Insult and Scorn,
Contempt, Calamity, and all their Train
Of hungry Furies were at once let loose

To vex my Soul, and hunt me fiercely on
To my Undoing, with relentless Rage. ---

Unheard, unpity'd, is the pow'rless Plaint
Of pining Sorrow, and the deepest Groan
Of Misery; Justice averts her Ear,

And blinds her Eye; Compassion, sweetly soft,
And delicately mild, declines her Rule;

While Rigor lords it wide, while Riot swims
In fullest Tides of Luxury along,

And ev'ry Vice, and ev'ry Woe prevails.

--- Farewel, thou proud Metropolis, thou Seat
Of Empire, and thou Haunt of Pow'r, farewell.

No more my cheated Soul shall idly court
Thy tempting Charms; Ambition, Grandeur, Fame:

Farewel: To flow'ry Greens, to Sylvan Shades,
Th' Abodes of Freedom, Innocence, and Truth,

I haste away; ye guardian Pow'rs, who wait

On Virtue's Sons, conduct my wand'ring Steps

To some sequester'd Scene, where Quiet dwells

Serenely

Serenely penfive, amiably sad ;
 Where Solitude endears the silent Hour,
 And Echo answers to the Woodland Choirs
 Alone ; where lordly Grandeur ne'er shall haunt
 The bleſt Retreat, or interrupt the Calm :
 Those Joys be all my own : What Nature gives
 With lavish Hand, of Beauty or Delight,
 Rude Pow'r may envy, but can never feize.
 When the Spring blooms, and all Creation wakes,
 With ev'ry Flow'r, and ev'ry Green adorn'd,
 What mighty Hand shall intercept the Breeze,
 That wafts a Season's Fragrance on its Wings,
 And half dissolves the rapt'rous Soul in Joy ?
 When Summer, with a Blaze of Glory, gilds
 The various Landscape round, what potent King
 Shall veil the Prospect with an envious Gloom,
 And snatch the Pleasure from th' admiring Gaze ?
 When the faint Year declines, and Autumn browns
 The fading Forest, and the russet Green,
 Shall the proud Statesman, with his Breath, restrain
 The Soul's Excursion in exalted Thought,
 Thro' all th' Extent of Nature, searching deep
 The Principles of Things ? Or shall he bid
 The North Wind thunder out a keener Blast,

C

When

When Winter glooms the World, or bribe the Skies,
 To shed severer Snows, and bake the Ground,
 With the dire Rigors of intenser Frost,
 That the vext Hermit may forsake his Cell,
 And wind the Mazes of Mankind anew ?
 No, Heav'n, in Pity to the exil'd Wretch,
 Has set th' eternal Bound to human Pow'r,
 And giv'n him Joys which shall remain his own,
 Secure from ev'ry Tyrant's impious Rage ;
 'Till this frail Being claims a nobler Blis,
Elysium, the Resort of Heroes, and of Gods.

--- This said, while Tears still trickled from his Eye,
 He heav'd a Groan, and with despairing Heart,
 Persu'd his destin'd Way. Long Time he roam'd,
 An helpless Wand'rer, pensive and forlorn,
 Thro' many a Region, Pityless, of Woe,
 Where not one hospitable Door vouchsaf'd,
 To take the Mourner in : Where not a Soul
 E'er knew Humanity, or felt the Joys
 Which Virtue and Beneficence inspire.

When Liberty neglected flies away,
 Beneficence and Virtue spread their Wings,

And

And in her Train retire. Thus, all distress'd,
 Unpitied, unreliev'd, from Realm to Realm
 He rov'd, 'till, weary of the vexing World,
 And shunning all Mankind, amid the Shade
 Of unfrequented Woods, he made Abode ;
 There courted Solitude, in all her Charms,
 To sooth his Cares, and lull him to Repose.
 Invisible the friendly Goddess deign'd
 To lead his devious Step, thro' ev'ry Round
 Of pleasing, thoughtful, melancholy Joy ;
 She purg'd his Heart from ev'ry worldly Care,
 Still'd ev'ry Passion, soften'd ev'ry Woe,
 Painted all Nature, brighten'd to his Eye
 A clearer Heav'n above, a lovelier Earth
 Below ; inform'd his doubting Soul with Truth
 Unbyass'd, Knowledge, Justice unallay'd
 With Prejudice or Vice, and rais'd his Thoughts
 To hold sublimest Converse with the Gods.

Once as he careless wander'd thro' the lone
 Retreat, while Contemplation gently breath'd
 Her sweetest Raptures round his ravish'd Heart ;
 The Sun, with all his Glory, from the Sky
 Descended, an unclouded Blaze ! the East

Was

Was darken'd o'er with Night's increasing Shade,
 'Till, by Degrees, the ample Vault of Heav'n
 Was veil'd amid the Gloom ; the Stars alone,
 With twinkling Radiance sparkled from above,
 And gemm'd the glitt'ring Round ; 'till in her Wane,
 The languid-looking Moon, all sickly, pale,
 And yellow'd o'er with horizontal Mists,
 Gleam'd thro' the waving Trees, and drove her Car,
 In Silence o'er the World ; then slept the Winds,
 And still'd the murmur'ring Wood, the ruffled Stream ;
 Peace brooded in the Calm, and Nature seem'd
 To slumber o'er her Charge. - - - Charm'd with the soft,
 The pensive Beauty of the Midnight Scene,
 The Hermit-Bard thro' the wide Forest roam'd,
 In Contemplation lost the Hour of Rest,
 The Lure of Sleep, unheeded, undefir'd ;
 When a wide Vista sudden broke the Scene,
 Half darken'd from the wild Wood's Side with Shades,
 And half illumin'd with the pale Moon's Ray.
 Where the green Opening ended, lone appear'd,
 A desart Pile of Ruins ; o'er the Earth
 Its broken Columns lay outstretch'd along,
 And the huge Roof, in Heaps on Heaps confus'd,
 Extended all its Load ; the bruis'd Remains

Of sculptur'd Beauty cover'd o'er with Dust,
 And black Obscurity bewail'd their Doom ;
 While Desolation gloried in their Fall,
 And grim Destruction triumph'd o'er the Waste.

Around the fallen Frame, deserted, slept
 The Dust of Heroes, who with Courage fought
 For Liberty, and crown'd with Glory, dy'd.
 An Heap of riven Armor hid their Bones,
 An honourable Load ! and Fame her self
 Immortaliz'd their Deeds. Here, in the Gloom,
 And awful Stillness of the Midnight Hour,
 Stern Horror wander'd thro' the dusky Air,
 And spread her magick Influence all around ;
 Gave ev'ry doubtful Object transient Life,
 And Terror ev'ry Shade. Curious to view
 This Seat of Ruin, cold the Hermit felt
 Her magick Influence thrilling to his Heart,
 And half o'ertaking Reason from her Throne ;
 'Till Innocence and Virtue interpos'd
 Their Aid, and strengthen'd her Controle anew.

— — — Then roaming fearless by the dubious Light,
 Thro' all the lone Reefs, an open Square

He found, with mould'ring Colonades adorn'd,
 With Carvings figur'd, and with Statues crown'd ;
 The Pavement held a Pile of rusted Arms
 Diversify'd with Skulls, and white with Bones :
 Above, incumbent on the various Heap,
 An awful Form, divinely eminent,
 Appear'd, with Majesty sublime array'd,
 With Grace, with Dignity, with Pow'r adorn'd,
 With Beauty blooming, and with Grandeur crown'd ;
 Her Eye was Mercy, but her Frown was Death ;
 Like Heav'n she grasp'd the Thunder, and like Heav'n,
 In justest Balance, weigh'd the Globe ; her Brows
 Were circled with a mural Wreath, and Heaps
 Of ruin'd Trophies moulder'd at her Feet.
 Around her throng'd a thousand Forms,
 Rob'd in ethereal Splendors, like the Sons
 Of Heav'n ; Virtue shone bright in ev'ry Eye,
 And sun-like Glory blaz'd o'er ev'ry Face.

- - - Yet all with silent Sorrow seem'd to mourn
 Some helpless Evil, and, with downcast Look,
 Avow'd their inbred Woe ; ev'n she, the fair,
 The beauteous Goddess, amiable in Grief,
 Hung down her pensive Head, while, o'er her Breast,
 Such Tears as Angels weep, like dropping Pearls,

Fell gently, and a frequent Groan betray'd
 The anguish of her Soul. - - - At this august,
 This solemn Scene amaz'd, the wand'ring Bard
 Recoil'd with Heav'n-born Horror, fearful least
 His erring Foot had prest among the Gods ;
 The Gods in secret wailing o'er the Crimes
 Of lost Mankind. - - - But while he paus'd, aghast
 At such Presumption ! with majestick Mien,
 The lovely Mourner rear'd her awful Head,
 And with the Voice of Fun'ral Musick, slow,
 And solemn thus began - - - Mortal, be bold,
 Thy Virtue leads thee to the Haunts of Heaven,
 And makes thee fit Companion to the Gods ;
 In me, most righteous of the Sons of Men !
 Behold the Genius of imperial *Rome*,
 Her Aid, her Glory, where her Deeds deserve
 So great a Grace : In these my noblest Sons,
 My bravest Heroes, whose illustrious Lives
 Were one bright Scene of Fame ; whose Joy was Toil,
 And Wounds, and Dangers, for the publick Good ;
 Whose Love for Liberty, whose Zeal for Truth,
 And Honour, dignify'd their Names ; who scorn'd
 A Thought of private Interest, and prefer'd
 An honourable Death to all the soft,

The

The tempting Lures of Life, when Infamy
 Was grafted on the Boon: While such a Race
 As this inspir'd my Councils, and led on
 My Wars, Empire and Glory, Fame and Wealth
 Were mine; my Wrath was Ruin, and my Smiles
 Were Peace; my Look was Plenty, and my Aid
 Was Conquest; when I spoke, the Nations round
 Ev'n trembled at my Voice; the *East* and *West*
 Pay'd Tribute to my Pow'r, and either Pole
 Resounded my Applause; beneath my Wings
 The Princes of the World in Safety slept,
 Nor e'er were troubled with the Din of Arms;
 Oppression fled before me, Rapine ceas'd
 Its Outrage, and Injustice was no more:
 Virtue and Valour were my own Guards,
 And Happiness the End of all my Deeds;
 The Sons of Learning flourish'd in my Eye,
 And ev'ry Art, and ev'ry Muse was blest;
 Around me Pleasure reign'd, and, as new Years
 Revolv'd, the Seasons dipt their Wings in Joy.

--- With BRUTUS, the Deliverer, rose my Pow'r,
 My Strength, my Glory; that distinguish'd Point
 Of Time's huge Round, begins my Blaze of Fame.
 To him succeeded this immortal Train

Of Demi-Gods, these Guardians of the World !

Behold the bright Assembly, and admire

A Prospect so divine : Here, greatly plain,

Rough **CINCINATUS**, with disdainful Eye,

Surveys the Vices of corrupted *Rome*.

There just **FABRICIUS**, eminently good,

Laments the publick Faith seduc'd by Bribes,

And, as a Trifle, chang'd for Gold away.

PUBLICOLA, who, raz'd his Palace to the Ground,

Because ungrateful to the People's View,

PUBLICOLA bewails a thousand Piles

Rear'd on the Ruins of his Country's Peace.

Great **REGULUS**, with Wonder and Contempt,

Scowls o'er the hideous Scenes of secret Fraud,

Of publick Rapine, and inglorious Sloth ;

Great **REGULUS**, whose honourable Soul

Disuaded *Rome* from mean, precarious Peace ;

Who, ev'n in *Carthage*, rung th' Allarm of War,

And dy'd in Tortures to confirm the Sound.

HORATIUS, ardent in his Country's Cause,

Who seal'd his Glory with his Sister's Blood,

Implores the Gods to breathe in Life again,

That a new Vengeance, from his potent Arm,

Might rouze the sleeping Virtue of his Race.

Undaunted **CURTIUS**, joining in the Pray'r,
 Begs that the tortur'd Earth might yawn anew,
 And he, precipitating Life, descend
 Amid the hideous Ruin, to retrieve
 The Happiness of *Rome*. - - - **SCIPIO**, the great,
 The god-like **SCIPIO**, temp'rate ev'n in Arms,
 And mild in Conquest, wails the frequent **Cries**
 Of injur'd Innocence, the feeble **Groan**
 Of deep Distress, the supplicating Voice
 Of ruin'd Virtue, and the gen'ral **Din**
 Of Riot rising to the Stars. - - - While, sad,
 And fullen in his **Woe**, stern **CATO** frowns,
 With noble Anger on abandon'd *Rome*,
 Declares her Freedom forfeit to her Vice,
 And ev'n her Ruin just. - - - See! **Hermit** see!
 What glorious Heroes once adorn'd my Rule,
 But, oh! for ever to be mourn'd, the last
 Brave **BRUTUS** ended the illustrious Line.
 This is the Day on which the Hero fell,
 This Day be ever sacred to his Name,
 This Day, thro' ev'ry Year to come, we meet
 To mourn the Loss of Liberty, for when
 He fell, that Blessing vanish'd from Mankind. - - -

Mourn

Mourn all ye Sons of Valour, mourn the Loss
Of Liberty, the Woe of all Mankind.

- - - Here, struggling with her Grief, she groan'd a-loud,

While round the Sons of Valour mourn'd the Loss
Of Liberty, the Woe of all Mankind.

Then thus renew'd her Plaint - - - See there he stands,
Th' illustrious Hero, born for publick Good,
Immortal BRUTUS! Fame's sublimest Son,
With manly Sorrow wailing o'er a World
In Ruins, looking vainly round for one,
Ev'n one to save it - - still with glorious Warmth
He loves majestick *Rome*, and longs to plant
A second Dagger in her Tyrant's Heart.

- - - Oh! when will Nature form so great a Soul
As his? When raise a Genius so divine,
To rouze the flumb'ring Spirit of Mankind,
And add a Glory to the future Age?

- - - No more; the Race of Heroes is extinct,
And BRUTUS was the last - - - Behold in stead
A base, dissembling, fawning, flatt'ring Tribe,

The

The Slaves of Empire, and the Curse of Courts ;
 The silken Triflers of a Summer's Day,
 Dissolv'd in Sloth, unnerved with Ease,
 Disus'd to Arms, and trembling at the Sound
 Of War. O ye immortal Pow'rs ! can such
 E'er know the Love of Liberty, or grieve
 When 'tis no more ? Can such support the Weight
 Of universal Rule, or stand unbent
 Beneath th' enormous Load ? No, down it sinks
 With huge Destruction, and the Nations hail
 Its Downfall ; Nations whose united Pow'r
 Had fled before the *Roman* Name, or su'd
 With humble Homage her protecting Shield ;
 But now, rejoic'd at its declining State,
 Whose Gold ev'n bribes our Senate, and directs
 Our Laws ; arrests the justly vengeful Sword,
 And chains us down to ignominous Peace.
 O Glory ! Empire ! *Rome* ! ye reverend Shades
 Of fam'd Antiquity ! ye guardian Gods !
 What hideous Change approaches ! what a Cloud
 Of Woe broods sullen round her barb'rous Realms,
 And frowns tremendous o'er degenerate *Rome* ?
 What mighty Factions of her treach'rous Sons,
 In love with impious Pow'r, and flatter'd Fame,

In secret Council, plan a thousand Ills
 Destructive to their bleeding Countrey's Peace ?

--- O *Rome* ! thy Pow'r, thy Virtue, and thy Fame
 Decline ; thy Date of Grandeur is no more,
 And each succeeding Age shall waste away
 The proud Magnificence, 'till ev'ry Pile,
 And ev'ry Trophy moulder into Dust,
 And scarce thy Name remain : Relentless *Time*
 Shall, o'er thy spacious Ruins, boast his Pow'r
 Superior to thy proudest Pomp, and fly
 In Triumph o'er thee, thro' his annual Round.

Nor thou alone shalt fall ; where e'er the Joy
 Of Victory, the Love of Virtue rear'd
 A Pile of Glory, there, all wild, forlorn,
 And desolate, dread Ruin shall retreat,
 And form a dismal, melancholy Scene,
 Like this, for yearly Mournings, and a Waste
 Of Patriot Woe. --- Where e'er the fertile Earth
 Is blest with yellow Harvests, waving wide
 In golden Plenty ; where the swarming Tribes,
 In thickest Numbers, croud the busiey Port,
 Where Trade and Wealth, in strictest Union join'd,

Roll a full Tide of Affluence o'er the Land ;
 Where Pleasure sports with Innocence and Health,
 In silent Shades, where Grandeur tempts, and where
 Ambition charms, shall Sloth and Poverty
 Prevail, shall sick'ning Vapours taint the Air,
 Shall Vice and Misery extend their Rule,
 Shall Desolation defart all the Land,
 And ev'ry Want, and ev'ry Woe succeed.
 Then shall the neighb'ring Kings, the scepter'd Foes
 Of Liberty, and *Rome*, with all their Train
 Of gay Deluders, from afar survey
 The mighty Ruin, with ungen'rous Scorn
 Upbraid her fallen State, and fearless dare
 Her impotent Revenge. Is this, they'll cry,
 The Queen of Cities ? This majestick *Rome*,
 That aw'd Mankind, and, down thro' many an Age,
 Reign'd Mistress of the World? Now, where are now
 Her Heroes, Consuls, Senators, the Pride,
 The Terror of her Arms, her rigid Truth,
 Unshaken Honour, and unconquer'd Zeal
 For Liberty and Fame? Behold ev'n Priests
 And Bigots trample on her Tribes, and bruise
 Her servile Nobles with Oppression's Rod :
 Behold the wond'rous Change! their Freedom lost,

They

They tamely bear the Burthen of their Wrongs,
 Senseless of Honour, ignorant of Arms,
 The Scorn, the Jeſt, of all the gazing Globe !

Mourn all ye Sons of Valour, ever mourn,
 The Loss of Liberty, the Fall of *Rome*.

- - - This ſaid, and Day empurpling o'er th' *East*,
 With roſy Light, a general Groan went round,
 And, soft as Vapours rising from the Vale,
 The mourning Heroes vaniſh'd from the View,
 To ſeek their own *Elysium*, and ſuspend
 Their virtuous Sorrow in th' Abodes of Joy.

Mean while the *Genius*, on a Fleece of Clouds,
 All skirted round with Gold, with ſpeedy Flight
 Ascended to the highest *Alpine* Hill,
 And, from the broken Precipice, beheld
 Forlorn *Hesperias*' plunder'd Realms beneath ;
 Beheld, with Horror, all the various Scenes
 Of Slavery and Woe ; with Horror ſhunn'd
 The odious Landscape, and prefer'd the Waste
 Of hideous Mountains, the ſtupendous, rude,
 Miſhapen Prospect of the rocky Wonders,

The

May

The dire Confusion, the enormous Grouspe
 Of Terrors, Nature's most unfinish'd Heap !
 Prefer'd this wildest Haunt of *Liberty*,
 To all the transient Pomp of fallen *Rome*.

F I N I S.



